

## Book and Tract Work.

J. D. McFADEN, - - EDITOR AND MANAGER.

Captain Jackson, of Mancos, gives some interesting narratives of his finds among the ruins of cliff dwellers on the west fork of the Galena River says the *Great Southwest*.

From pictures on the white walls of the ruins it is plain that the cliff dwellers inhabited that region when there were yet active volcanoes among the mountains. Captain Jackson describes one picture as representing three ranges of mountains, the lower one made of slate-colored pigment; the next perfectly black, as if to represent pine timber, and a third range higher, perfectly white, representing snow, and one peak showing dashes of red radiating from the top, giving a very good representation of an active volcano.

In one canon ruins were found, half imbedded in lava and obsidian, or volcanic glass, and in the cinders and ashes, the charred bodies of the little people were found.

In many of the rooms perfect outlines of the left hand of different cliff dwellers were found upon the walls. They seem to have a singular custom of making these impressions in the following simple manner: The left hand would be held flat against the face of the wall, and the paint spattered on between the fingers and around the outside by the other hand. Thus when the left hand was removed the outline would be left upon the wall in more or less perfection. About the only consolation we get out of this queer custom is the knowledge that they had small hands and that they were evidently "right-handed."

Is there not a lesson in the above for us? Cliff dwellers left finger prints on the walls of their houses, we should desire to leave prints of our Master on our minds and hearts. Longfellow speaks of leaving footprints on the sands of time, but the best print is the impression of the Master's life on some human life. Others will see such impressions in after life, and will get consolation therefrom that is consolation.

The following tells how an imprint was made on the mind of one who used profanity. There is room for such work.

The habit of profanity is a vice in whose justification there is little to be said. It is disgusting, and brings no gratification with it, besides being an insult to the Creator who has especially forbidden its use. A writer to the "Silver

Cross" tells of a unique method which he has adopted to rebuke swearing:

The other evening I arrived at S——, and walked over to the hotel. I entered and, after checking my things, started to mail a letter, previous to going in to supper. Between the coat-room and the mail-box stood three traveling men. Two of the number swore, as they talked, imagining doubtless that they were emphasizing their point more forcibly.

Overhearing them, and praying for guidance, I took from my pocket some attractive cards, with different colored backs, which had upon the reverse side, "Why do you swear?" while underneath were four Scripture texts against swearing. I walked toward the group, and without uttering a word, threw the cards out between my hands, with the backs up, and offered them to the first drummer, a little fellow, who had sworn the most. He looked at me curiously, reached out his hand, and drew a card. I immediately turned to the other man who had sworn, and offered him the cards, and he drew one. Then without paying any attention to the third man, or even looking at him, I mailed my letter, and started for the dining room, without having all this time spoken a word. Turning the corner, I heard a shout of laughter from the drummer who had not sworn, and knew my shot had taken effect.

I was just comfortably seated at the table, when the little drummer came to the dining-room door, and looking around spied me at the table. He walked right in and coming up to where I sat, said, "Say, that is the best rebuke I ever had in my life, and I want to say I'm sorry I spoke as I did, and that I had no business to do so. Could I get two or three of those cards?"

"Yes, but be sure before you give them to anyone, that you set the example yourself, by not swearing again."

"All right, I will do so."

So I gave him the cards and he left. The following Saturday I found my man in Albany in a large retail grocery store. The minute he saw me he pulled out one of the cards, showed it to the buyer of the department, told him his experience, and read the upper text: "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." God not only used His word, as printed upon the cards, to rebuke this man, but also used him as an instrument in His hands all over the country in passing on the message to others.

Preachers could so often use these little messengers. I often have one to point a

sermon. Two little boys or girls will hand them out. People will receive them and in this way the message is handed on. I have practical evidence of their success, and have myself received into the church those who were started by my own tracts, written by myself, and handed out by my friends. So that I speak from that which I have seen and heard and experienced, as well as on the testimony of others.

Rev. Torrey who is connected with the Moody Institute is an earnest worker through tracts. At one time he failed to appreciate their usefulness.

Like many others he grew up, he says, with the idea that tracts were all rubbish and did not even read them, much less use them. Now, however, he always carries a supply with him adapted to different conditions. He regards them as especially valuable to use in opening religious conversation with strangers. It is easy to put a leaflet into the hand of a stranger and ask him to read it, or ask if he is interested in that subject, and thus the way is opened for whatever may seem best. Then again they are useful to close a conversation with where nothing more can be said, or to send to those whom you cannot reach by conversation. In this way you can talk to people at a distance, and to those whom you never meet alone, or where it would not be wise to open conversation on religious topics. Mr. Torrey himself once received a very great blessing from a tract which opened his eyes to the value of this kind of work.

Before closing this letter let me ask you have you ever scattered tracts? If so do not become weary in well doing. If you have not scattered tracts, will you not make the effort, but will you not send your pledge for a dollar and help the work both ways? Just try it. If there are any points you desire illuminated write me.

JOHN DUKE McFADEN.

ONLY the tallest souls are capable of the deepest humility. Greatness may always be discovered in condescension but seldom in pride.

## Matrimonial.

PHILPOTT—WOOD.—At Warsaw, May 14, 1896, Mr. Otta Philpott and Miss Antoinette Wood, both of Warsaw, and both members of the Brethren church, talented in music, popular and loved among all their many friends who wish them God's best.

C. F. YODER.